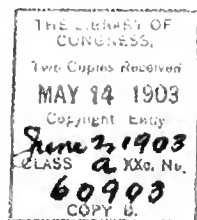


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"The Tale of a Poodle"

SECOND EDITION

Edited by Louis Roerch

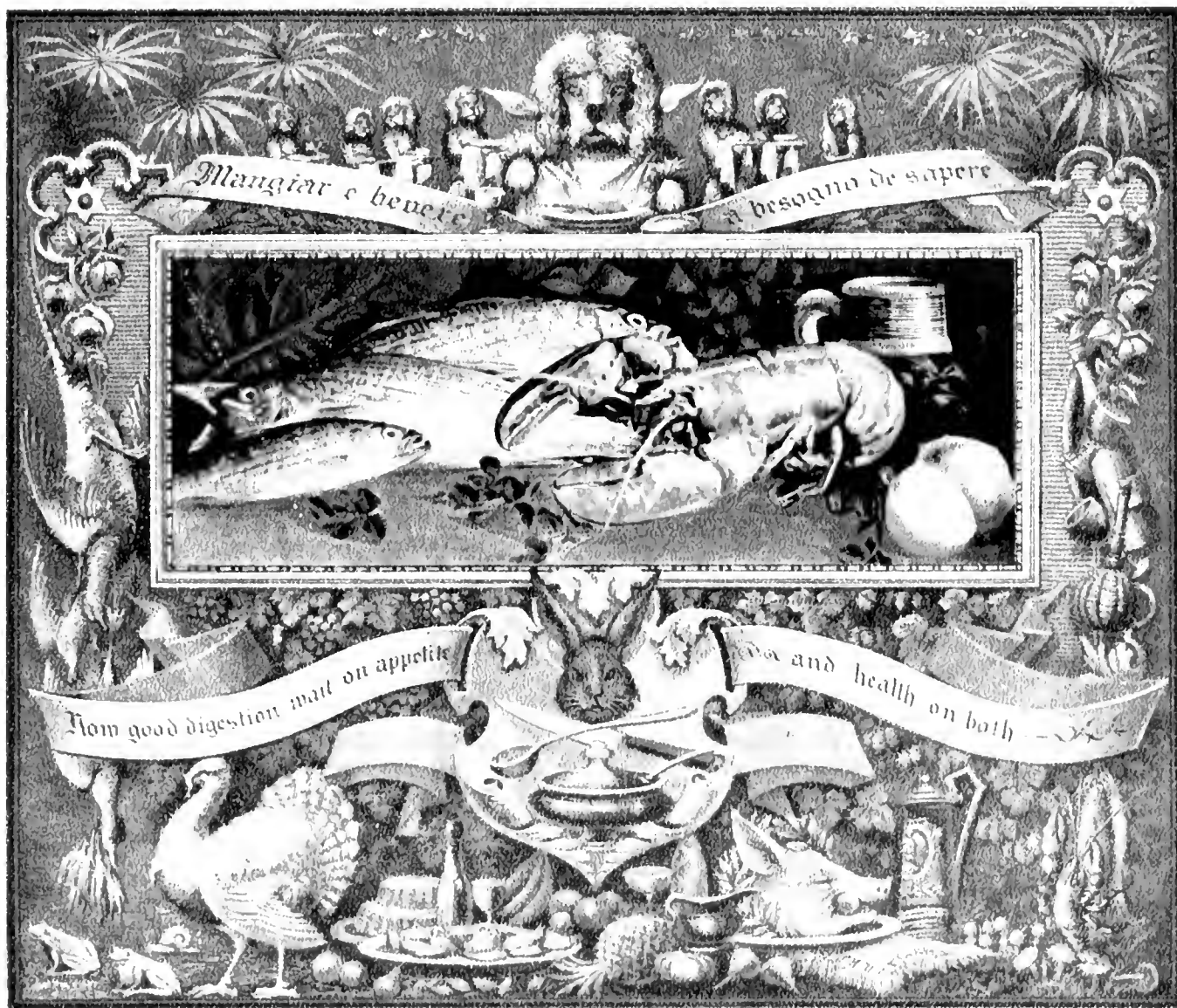


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Yours truly
A. D. Blanco

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Toast



Let me rise to the privileged pledge of a toast,
Let your glasses clink on the subject: Mine host!
Mine host is — the humor that springs from the
heart,

That bids to goodfellowship welcome and
start;

Mine host is — the wit and the grit of the lip
And the spunk of the brain that I fervently
sip;

Mine host is — the flash of the mind and the eye
That has lost the restraint of conventional
shy

And makes me forget that the world has its
cares

And worries and troubles that ev'ryone
shares;

Mine host is — the love I call proudly mine own
And the woman I cherish and worship alone,
The hand I may press and the lip I may kiss,
And the tender emotion that fills me with
bliss!

Mine host is — — ah friends — — let us drink
to the toast:

The Soul and Spirit and the Life of "Mine
host!"



The Tale of a Poodle



A sound falls on the list'ning ear!
The chimes of '49 are near,
Around the Poodle's festive board
The buffet shows its generous hoard.

Oh gate of gold, ope wide thy door,
For, beck'ning to thy shining shore,
The Poodle Dog is standing near,
To guard the hoard of gourmets dear.

A hundred breakers flash on high,
And mirth, good cheer regale the eye.
The miner, lawyer, wit and sage
Around thy board form history's page.

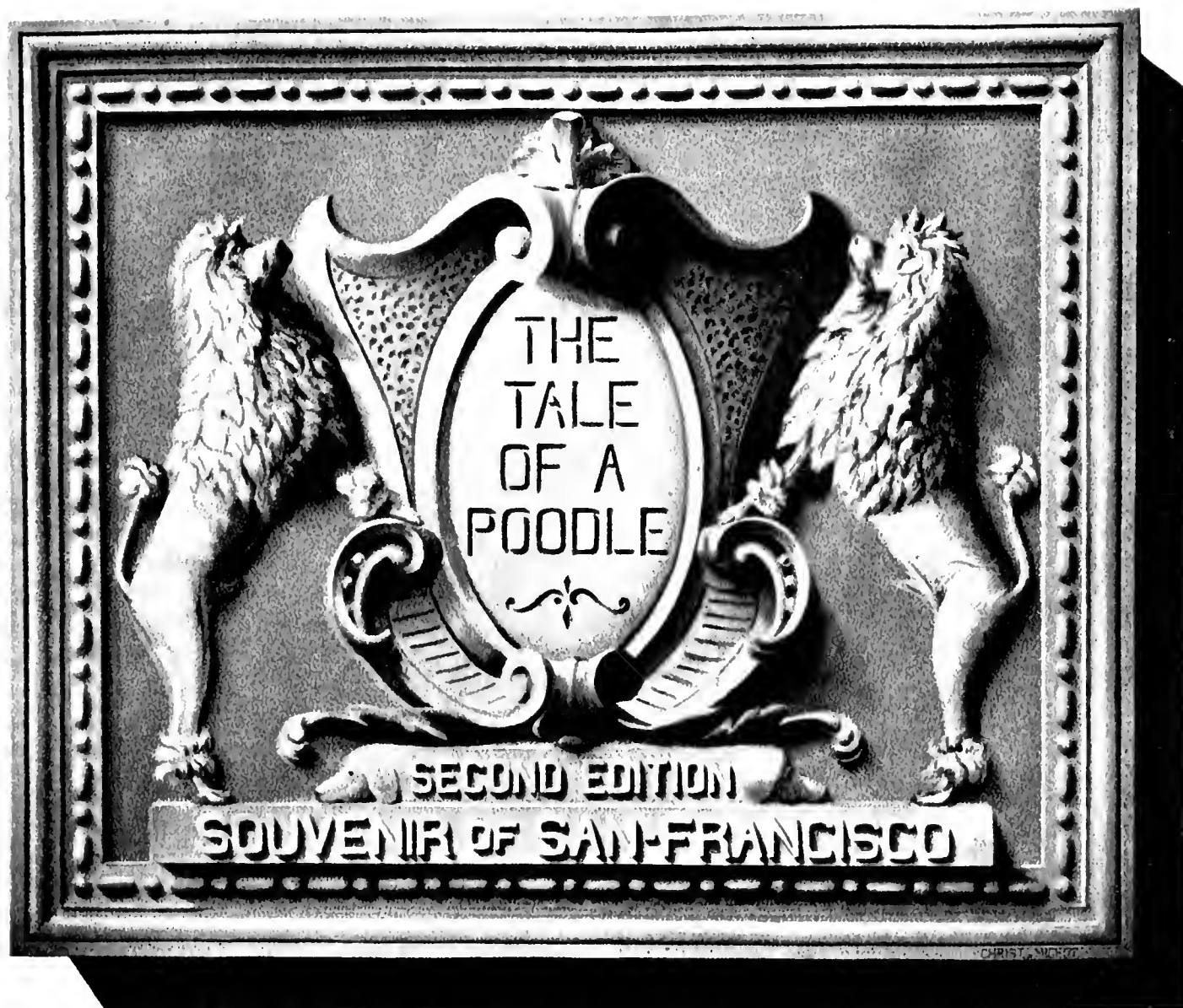
Dear Golden Gate, ope wide thy doors,
For, beck'ning to thy shining shores,
The Poodle, Yankee Doodle dog,
Barks welcome through the drifting fog.

As decades pass and side by side
Guests meet, part, cross the great divide,
Thy chimneys roar and odors sweet
Embalm the sound of passing feet.

Oh Golden Gate, dear Golden Gate,
The Poodle stands in silent state,
To guide youth, laughter, mirth and glee
To thy most famous hostelry.

Once more a change comes o'er the scene:
Eddy and Mason's nob, I ween,
The line here hails rich and rare
Delight the old and young and fair.

Dear Golden Gate, ope wide thy doors
And welcome to thy shining shores
The sailor, soldier, statesman, guest,
And Ami's shade will do the rest.



The Watch on the Golden Gate



Roll on ye mighty ocean waves,
Queen of Pacific's restless slaves,
And sing here, on this Western Gate,
Your greetings to this Golden State!
Faithful I stand and watch the War:
Welcome ye pilgrims from afar!

Here, fullrigged vessels come and go
Midst storm and mist and sunset glow,
While seagulls rest on graceful wings
And sirenlike the foghorn sings.
Fearless I stand, and still with care:
Welcome ye friends — beware, beware!

From Sandwich Islands' tropic scenes
And from the distant Philippines
The Transports and the Men-of-war
All find the Golden Gate ajar.
Peaceful I stand and watch the hours:
Welcome ye countrymen of ours!

To all expectant visitors
I loke to praise with cheerful force
The splendor of this Sunset State
And San Francisco's glorious fate.
Proudly I stand and watch the throng:
Welcome ye all that come along!

When Alcatraz and Tamalpais
Appear before your wond'ring eyes,
You know you found a homelike shore
And, landing safely, you find more!
Faithful I stand with ready cheer:
Right royal Welcome greets you here!

The Woodle Dog.





1849

Waterbound, stretching from main to the Bay,
 Sand dunes and hillocks in dreary dismay,
 Scant vegetation, unsheltered and bleak,
 Never a scene showed a gloomier streak!
 Argonauts soon spiked their huts near the hill,
 Men with a venturesome desperate will,
 Boldly defying and challenging fate,
 Nursing the hope and the vision of State.
 Thousands succumbed — and no stone marks
 their graves,
 Gold and its hold has turned many to slaves!

Mission Dolores, thy harmonized chime
 Pealed forth the records of stolen morning time,
 Clear ringing time-bells from ships in the stream
 Echoed their sounds through this slumbering dream,
 Gold had appeared—it meant struggle and care;
 Passion and greed ripened vice and despair!
 Village no longer, this spot near the Bay,
 Sleeping, expectant, abiding its day — —
 Progress slept suddenly nearer and nigh,
 Onward and onward — the seals holed — Good bye
 — — Yerba Buena!



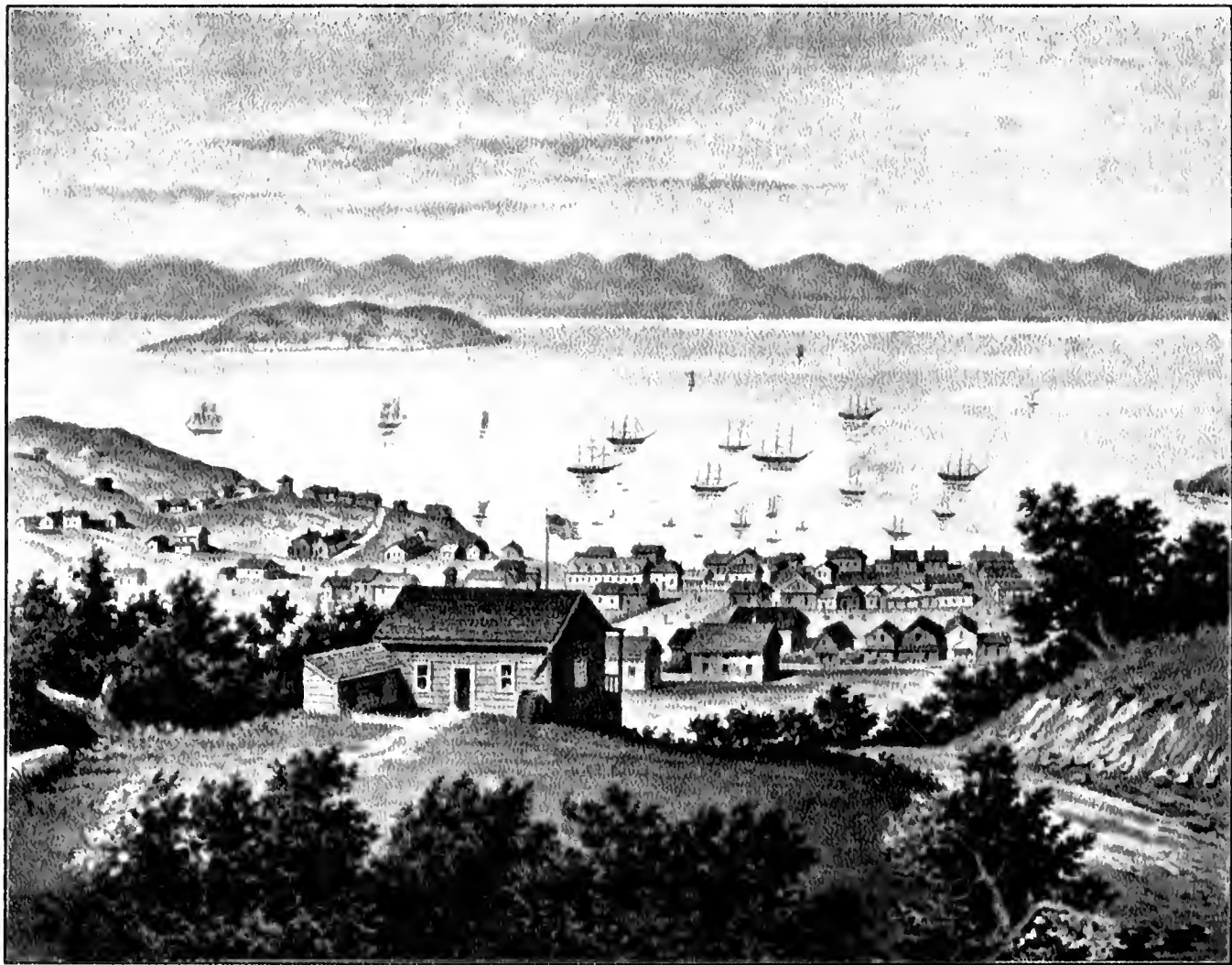
1903

Phoenixlike rose from this desolate shore,
 Warren and homeless and cheerless before,
 Stately in splendor and active in strife,
 Centralized strong metropolitan life.
 Seven hills formed the strong nucleus of Rome—
 Seven hills, too, mark this picturesque home
 Of men that loving fortunes from obstinate mines
 And pledged their keen judgment on farseeing
 lives.
 Beauty surrounds them here, nature's great store
 Turned into Eden the sand dunes of yore!

January, 1903

Refinement and culture are spreading their wings,
 From bold inspirations new enterprise springs.
 In stead of the peals of the old Mission chime
 Great temples ring forth every heartbeat of time;
 The bounties of statehood are rich and profuse,
 Full worthy and grand are the deeds they induce!
 God bless you, proud City! Your splendid array
 Expands from the sea to the marvellous Bay,
 Whose shorelines enrich you and add to your charm.
 God bless you, protect you and shield you from harm—
 — — San Francisco!

Charles Sundebu

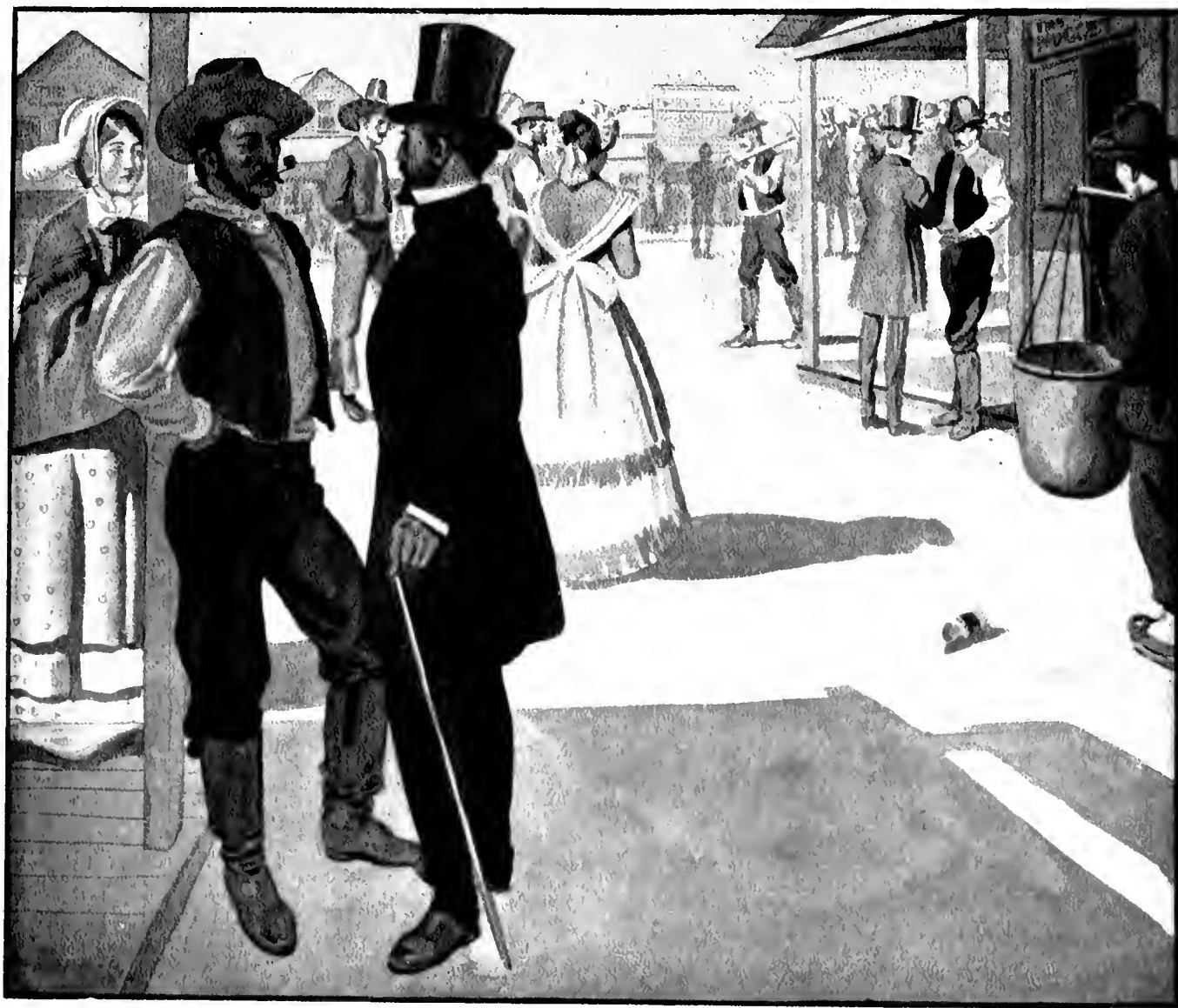


SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849. FROM CLAY ST. HILL



PHOTO BY CHAS. WEIDNER

SAN FRANCISCO, 1903. FROM NOB HILL



STREET SCENE IN 1849



STREET SCENE IN 1903



Preface to Second Edition

"The Tale of a Poodle"



I have looked on.—It's a good world, a very good world; much better than it receives credit for being; very much higher in intellect than the cynics would have you believe. It has a heart, a big warm heart, and the route to that heart is through the stomach.

Therefore am I what I am; the purveyor of choice viands to open the world's great heart. Only a Poodle Dog, you say, only a looker on! I have reached the heart of the world and have chased care from the portals of the soul. It is a mission for a poodle dog, a proud service to a great suffering world.

I have looked on.—Each year I have watched the city groan and stretch its arms wider apart; I have seen it push its way across the sand dunes of the isthmus and force back the waters of the bay to get more breathing room. When first I began my mission, I could hear the tides rush up almost to Kearny Street. Now, blocks of tall buildings coher what was then the salt spume of the sea. I have looked on. From a small village of gold-hungred men, I have seen San Francisco become a city of hundreds of thousands of



cultured people. I have seen the flannel-shirted miners with hardened hands change to men of thought and studious refinement. I have seen a town grow to a cosmopolitan city, a world's great capital.

And with me, too, it has been a growth. I have not stood still while the city increased in size and changed in character. I have not fallen behind but have been in the van of the march of improvements. Should one of the patrons of my youth, the miner of the early '50's, come back after half a century's absence and ask for the Poodle Dog, he would find the same welcome, the same heart behind, that made his pleasure in the olden days; but otherwise, how changed! The city itself with its sky-scrapers, fifteen, eighteen, and twenty stories high, is no more different from the town of 1850 than is the Poodle Dog of to-day from the Poodle Dog of then. Look through this little book of interesting facts and figures and see what the Poodle Dog has become. As of old, it caters to the tastes of the most refined; as of old it is the rendez-vous of the bonhivants of the city,



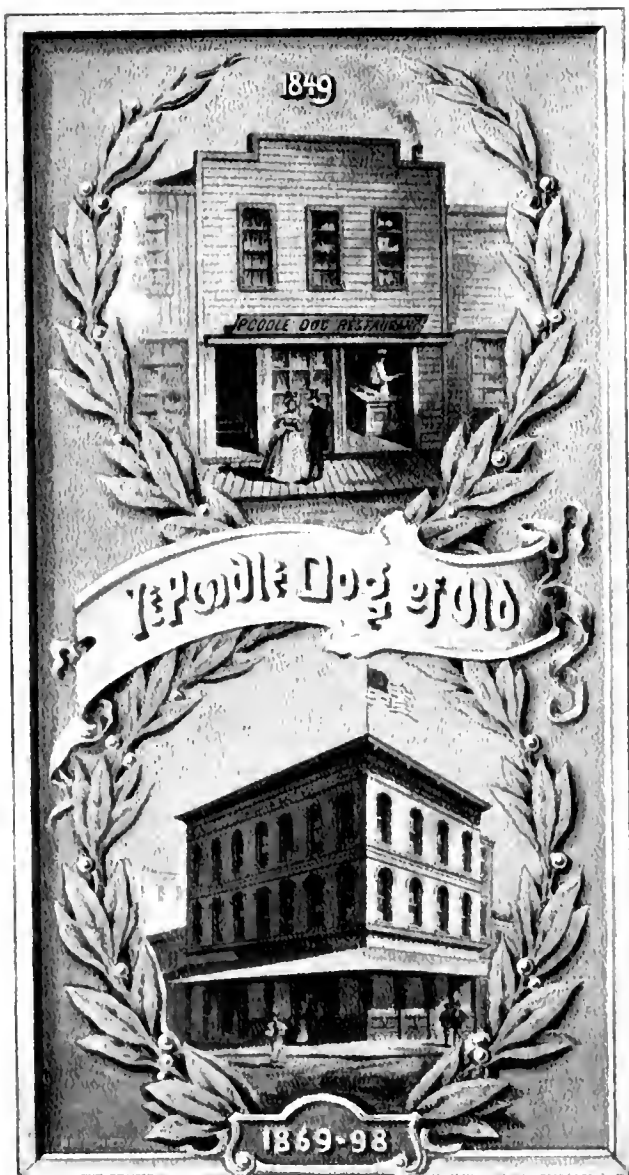
may, more than that, of the bonhivants of the entire world, to whom its praises have been sung by everyone who ever entered its realm of comfort and pleasure. And as of old the glasses clink merrily in its splendid apartments, and sorrows pass, and joy and mirth reign supreme with those gathered under its sheltering roof.

This is the second edition of the Poodle Dog's history. Three years ago a brochure was printed and distributed to the patrons of the Café. It was received with favor, and many thousands were sent to the East as souvenirs of the new San Francisco and its vigor and enterprise. Of this edition there will be double the number printed, and the Poodle Dog believes that it will be equally as well received. The best of local art, the finest craft in printing has gone into its making. That it may receive equal favor, that it

may lead to an appreciation of the advancement and character of San Francisco and its famous restaurant, is the hope of

The Poodle Dog.





The Tale of a Poodle

A Leaf of San Francisco's History

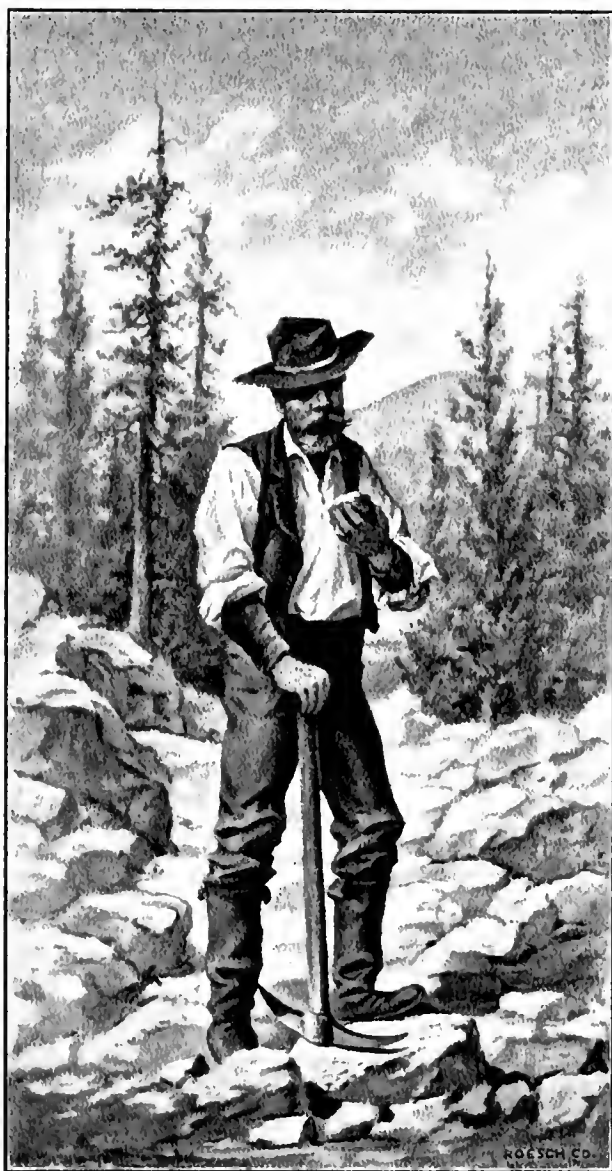


Over fifty years ago there started at the corner of Washington and Dupont streets, in the City of San Francisco, a restaurant. There was nothing in particular about this establishment to segregate it from the score of eating places already started in the Golden City, destined in the future to become the great metropolis of the West; a sauded floor, rough wooden tables, covered with oil-cloth, a rude bar at one end, and upon the wall a price list that could only be compared to the most eager "fin de siècle" efforts of a Balzac restaurantier.

This was in the days when men made money and spent it. There was no coin in circulation of less denomination than twenty-five cents, and slugs (the old California fifty-dollar pieces) were as general with the masses as silver dollars are to-day.

The restaurant thrived. It prospered. Its proprietors, Messrs. Peguillan & Langsman, grew rich. Men who were destined to make the history of this golden land, made it their headquarters.





But that which made them rich and the place famous was a dog — a small, pink-nosed poodle — that had been brought from France by the wife of Francis Peguillan. To-day, no dog of whatsoever breed could command any more than passing attention, but a white poodle in San Francisco, in the days of '49, was as marvellous, as unexpected a sight, as the sacred white elephant of Siam would be on our streets to-day. His name was Ami, and he had the happy faculty of making friends. He knew every patron of the place and welcomed him with as much effusion as an up-to-date hotel steward welcomes a man known for his generosity. In short, Ami was a wise dog. With strangers he was, as the pioneers themselves, genial, good-natured, and, if such a thing could be said of a dog, hospitable. If Bill Brohm invited Jack Green out to dinner and the latter were asked where he preferred to dine, his answer, without a doubt, would be "Oh, at the 'Poodle'." In fact, among its rapidly increasing patronage, Ami was looked upon as the real proprietor. The names of the proprietors were forgotten, and the place thus became known as the "Poodle" or "Poodle Dog."

But the town grew. It took less time to come from the East than at first. Manufactured goods became cheaper. Men who did not make a success



J. L. LAYLACE

THE "POODLE DOG" IN 1850



DINING ROOM — NORTH SIDE





DINING ROOM SOUTH SIDE



at mining took to other employment for which they were more adapted. Farms were laid out. Food became cheaper. And the town growing all the time. Grew so fast that the old corner at Washington and Dupont streets became out of the way. None but the poor, the unfortunate, the disappointed, and then the rapidly encroaching Chinese, made their abode in that neighborhood.

So the "Poodle Dog" moved. But, as history goes, on the second day of their occupancy of the new quarters, on the corner of Bush and Dupont streets, poor Ami died. Whether it was a broken heart at leaving the former haunts, old age, or extreme vanity on seeing his picture emblazoned all over the new building, the "Poodle Dog," no one knew. At any rate, he died, and Ami, the dog's name, went down to posterity. That which men are anxious to attain was his — fame.

Then came the really good days of San Francisco — the transcontinental railroad, the discovery of the Comstock, and the opening of the Sutter tunnel. These were the times when Dame Fortune made a millionaire of a man to-day, only to make him a pauper to-morrow. Gave him a taste of all in life that money can give, only to make him poorer in the end than before. Mining stocks rose and fell hundreds of dollars a share often in a single day. The income of a



Come in the evening,
Come in the morning,
Come when you are looked for,
Come without warning.

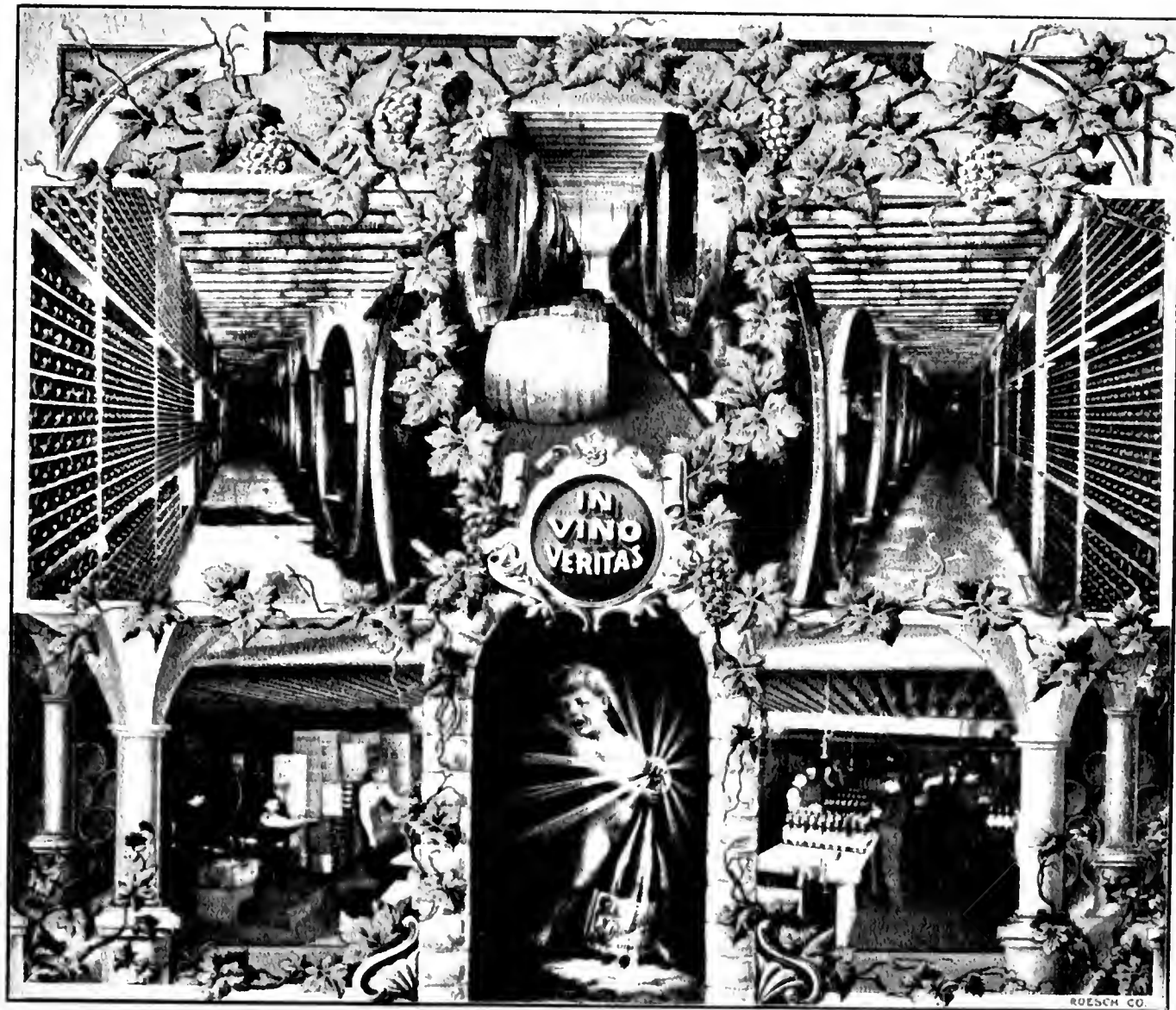
The Poodle Dog's welcome
Is always before you,
The oftener you come here
The more we adore you.



millionaire, whose money was invested in shares, was hardly as stable as that of an artisan of to-day earning his three or four dollars a day.

It was during this period that the "Hoodle Dog" really became famous. It was no uncommon sight to see under its roof at one time men representing a hundred million dollars. But these were the days of the "stock boom," hoped for again but hard to imagine materializing. Men made their money easily and spent it in the same way, emphasizing the old adage "Easy come, easy go." The best of everything the world produced was at their order. They could pay for it. Delicacies, rare old wines from the most famous cellars of the old world were imported for them, besides other features of gastronomy.

Men who a few years before were satisfied, and well satisfied, with enough pork and beans, bacon and hard bread, to keep life together, became "good libers." They became educated. They commenced to really understand the art of living, and then with this increased knowledge there still remained but one "Hoodle Dog,"—one place that towered above the others that sprung up with the fast growing city. The only one restaurant of San Francisco. It remained here for more than twenty years, but, like "Frisco," the city, started growing in another direction. West this time.



ROESCH CO.

The Poodle Dog of To-Day



COR. EDDY AND MASON STS.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The heart of the city being in the neighborhood of Powell and Market streets. Then it was that the present proprietor evolved the plan to build a modern "Poodle Dog" — modern, not only in being newly built, but in every particular, every detail. It took two years to plan and build it, two years of indefatigable labor, forgetting this, adding that, until to-day, as in the days of the past, the "Poodle Dog" stands alone, — alone in its magnificence, alone in its conveniences, alone in its cuisine, alone among the restaurants of San Francisco, — an example of Western energy, enterprise and progress.

Having now seen how the "Poodle Dog" was born, how it grew, and what changes it went through, it will be well to have a glimpse of its present abode, so as to fully understand the wonderful strides it made.

The building it now occupies, erected by the well-known architects' firm, Wm. Mosser & Son, is situated on the north-east corner of Mason and Eddy streets. It is built of pressed brick, thoroughly fire-proof, and six stories high.

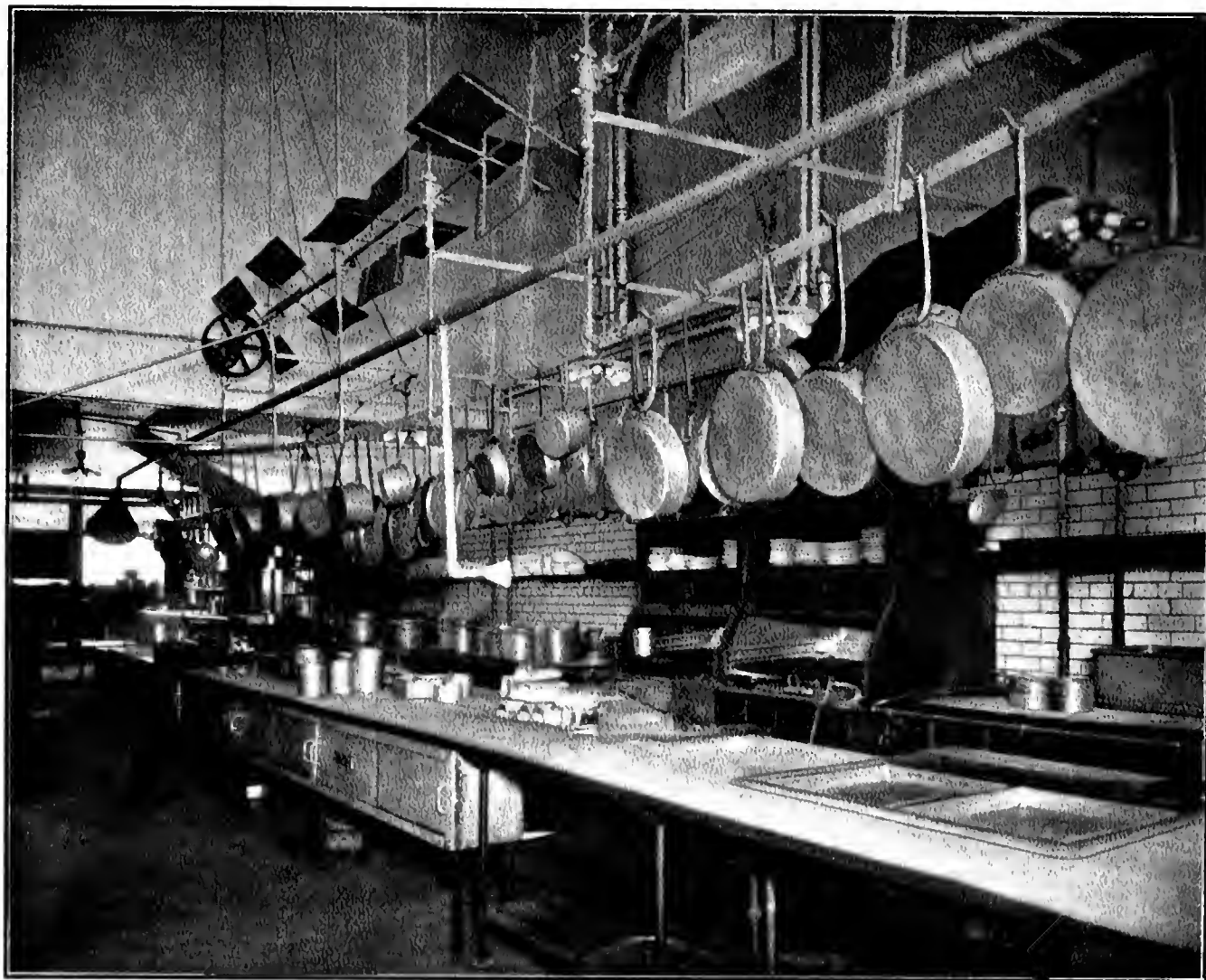
Starting at the basement, it contains the nine cellars, and the other part of it is divided into some half-dozen other compartments, bake-ovens, vegetable rooms, bottling rooms, refrigerators, laundry, and water-works.





No visitor will pass without admiration the splendid wine cellars of the establishment. Here is found a far greater variety, a larger and finer stock than in many of the wholesale houses; rare old Ports from Portugal, the best vintages of the world's famous châteaux of France, Sherries from Spain, the best the country of the Rhine produces, Tokay from Hungary, Chianti from sunny Italy, in fact every variety of wine or liquor to be desired or that money can buy; and all this immense and costly stock is the firm's own importation. The bottlers are seen at work putting up the regular Table Claret, "Vin Ordinaire," a fine quality of aged California Claret, and back of the men are piled up rows upon rows of bottles, over twenty thousand of them, it is said, which is about the average quantity of this popular stock kept on hand.

Visiting the kitchen next, that department of a large restaurant which is the most important of all, it is noticeable at the first glance that the one of the "Hoodle Dog" is no exception to the rule. As seen by the illustration, the large range divides it into two parts. Broilers, heaters, patent dishwashers, warmers, driers, and ice-boxes are grouped in the most practical way about it. Everything in this department works by a well-calculated system, and each one of the

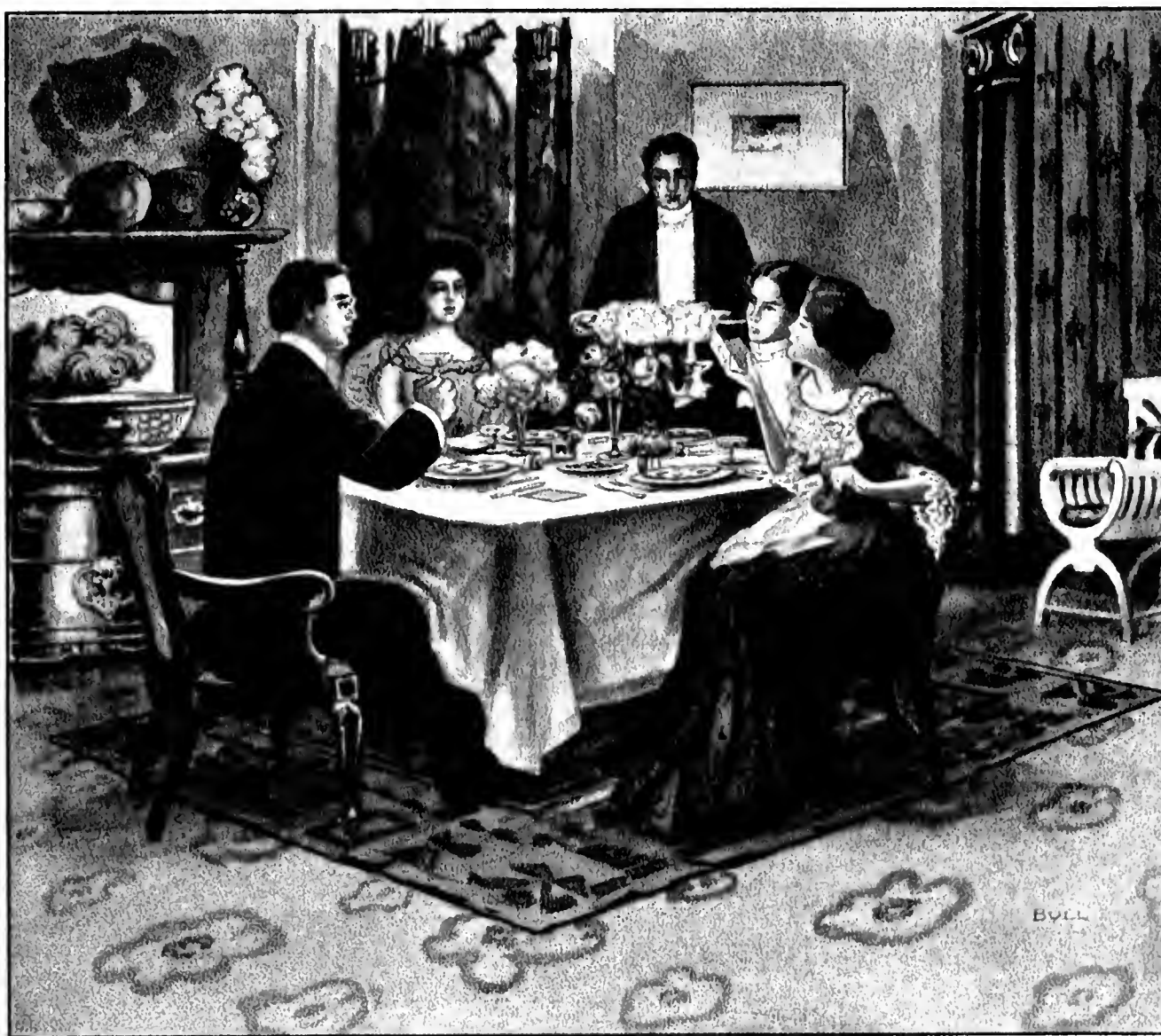




twenty-seven members of the kitchen staff has his own particular work to do. While one man attends to nothing but the cooking of vegetables, another one has charge of the entrées, still another one takes care of the roasts, and so on, each being a specialist in that particular branch allotted to him, and the whole is supervised with the utmost care and skillful attention by two celebrated Parisian Chefs.

The range itself, being the only one of its kind in this country, is a thing worth seeing. It is two-sided, with separate ovens on each side. The one side is used exclusively for the preparation of "table d'hôte" meals, while from the other the dishes "à la carte" are served. This arrangement does away with any confusion, and avoids the cooks' being in each others' way. How confident the proprietor is in this system, how perfectly it works, is best shown by the fact that this modern kitchen is open for inspection any day and, really, a visit there is well worth its time.

The main dining room on the first floor is not surpassed by any in America. Rococo and Louis XIV. style form a happy medium in its design. Chandeliers of Venitian glass, ceiling designs by Blanco, wall patterns in French gobelins surrounded by bas-relief work, give the most artistic, refined and elegant effects. Lunches and dinners as served here cannot possibly

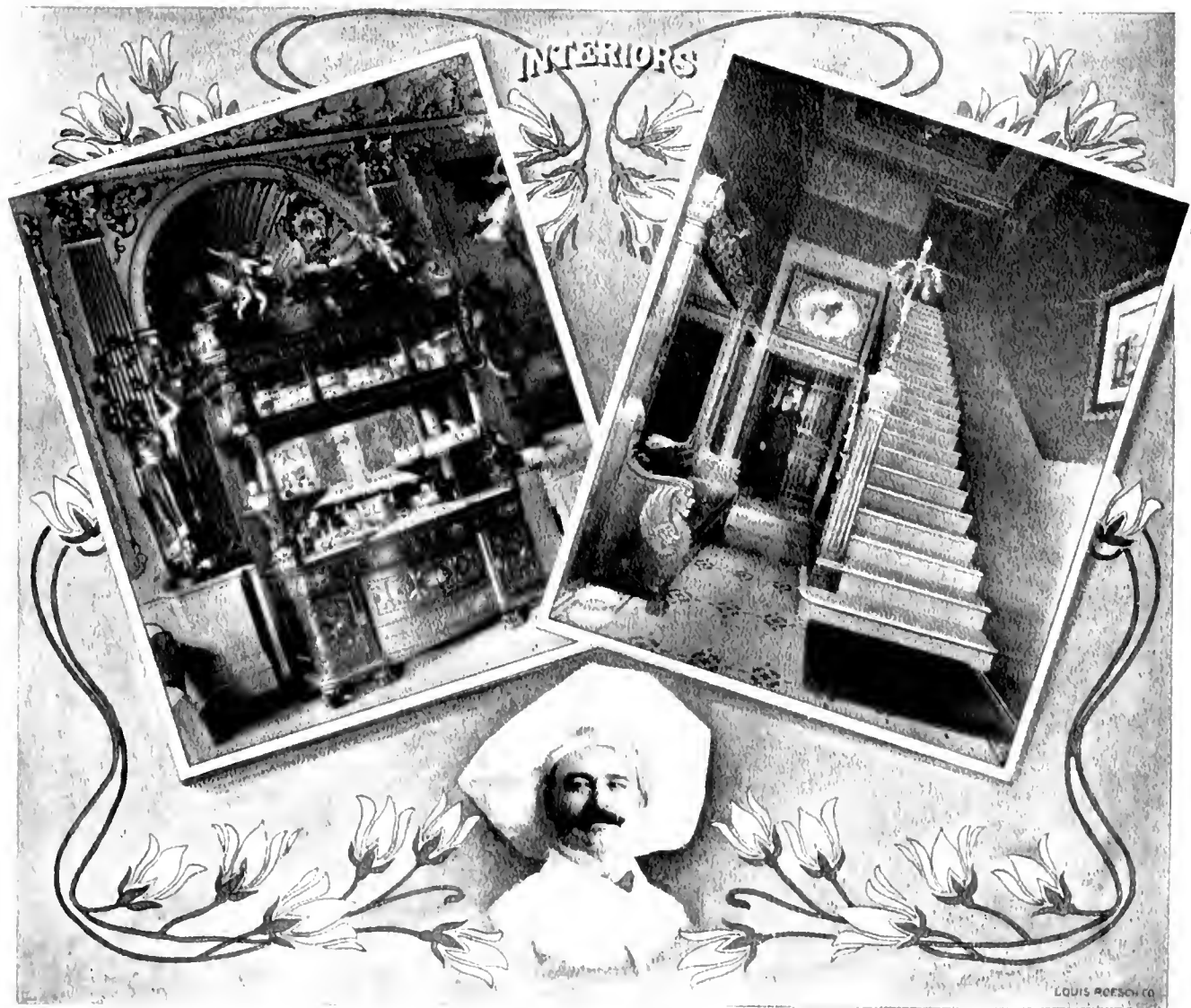




be duplicated for the same price anywhere in the world. The utmost care is taken to keep the place what it is — a dining place for ladies and gentlemen — ladies without escorts not being served after five P. M.

By means of a swift elevator ascent is had to the second floor, where the private dining rooms are situated. One enters a sort of rotunda, a foyer, in the center of which stands a large, beautiful statue, as shown in one of the engravings. Opening from this rotunda are the dining rooms, capable of holding six to fifteen people, according to the size of the apartments. They are elegantly furnished, nothing being omitted to make them homelike, cozy, comfortable: rich, heavy velvet carpets, furniture of varied artistic designs, handsome silken draperies, and last, but not least, knick-knacks, vases, pictures, potted plants, palms, etc., all those things that appeal to the refined taste, are there, and make one feel at home at once. Each and every room has its piano for the use of those who prefer their own music to that of the string orchestra which, during dinner hours, in the rotunda discourses music for all, from the classics of Liszt to the up-to-date selections of modern composers.

The third floor is devoted to the living rooms. An idea of what they are, how they are furnished,





can be had by the illustrations referring to them in this souvenir. Everything is new, homelike, from the rich Axminster carpets on the floors to the polished-brass bedsteads. A bath-room, finished in marble, is attached to every suite. The rooms are light and airy and in every improvement up-to-date.

The fourth and fifth floors are repetitions of the third, just as elegant, just as cozy, just as comfortable and homelike: a telephone connection is found in every room. Not even the finest and most expensive hotels furnish conveniences as are to be found here.

The sixth floor is the banquet floor. Here are two banquet halls, the larger one of which is commodious enough for even the largest societies and weddings. Though dumb-waiters go from cellar to roof, the sixth floor has its separate kitchen, its separate glassware, crockery, and silverware, for affairs such as mentioned. The range is an exact counterpart of the gigantic affair down-stairs, only on a smaller scale. If a banquet is to be held, say to-night, part of the staff of cooks goes up-stairs in the afternoon and prepares it. This prevents crowding the main kitchen, and the food getting cold in the transit. An idea of the size of the large banquet hall can be formed by one of the pages of this book, showing the tables



PRIVATE DINING ROOM



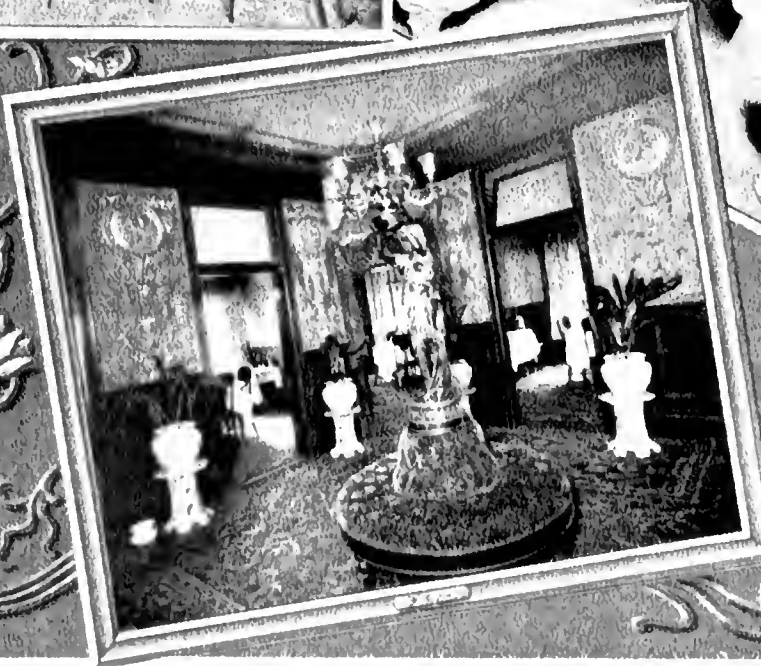
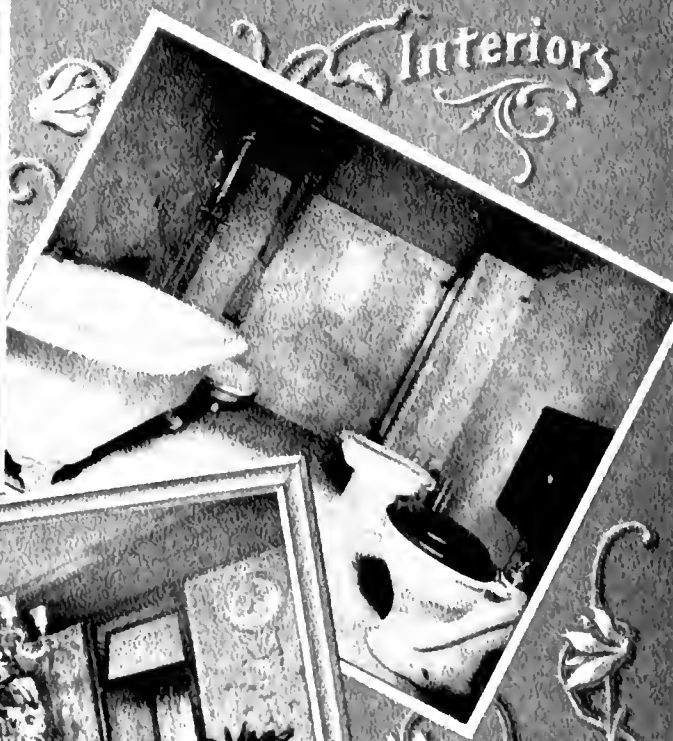
set for one hundred and fifty guests. The smaller banquet room is for presentations, college fraternities, lodges, anniversary dinners, etc.

Another one of the illustrations is showing a ladies' reception room on the same floor, finished and furnished in Flemish antique fashion. A spacious hat and cloak room is also to be found on the sixth floor.

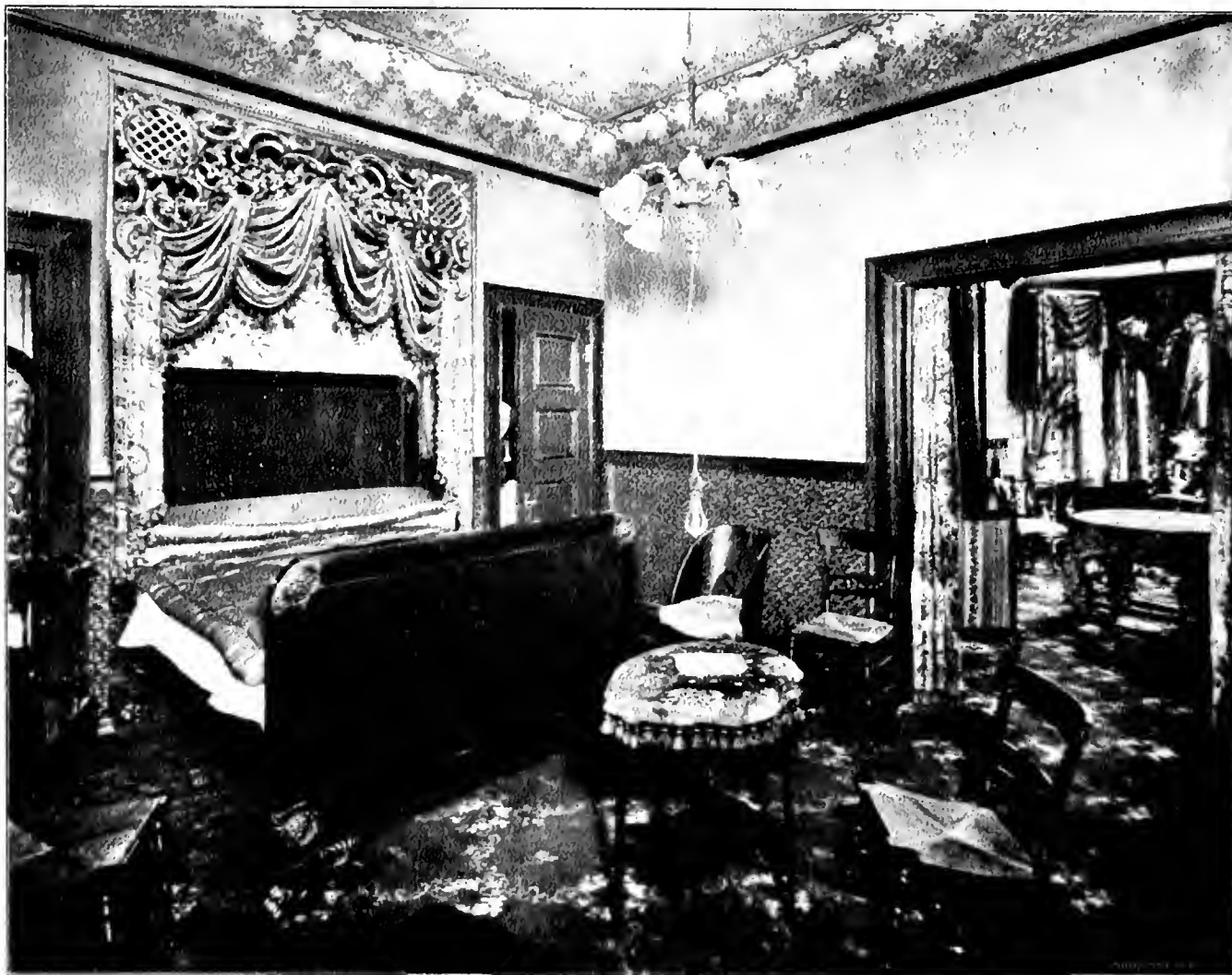
Now the "Hoodle Dog" has been seen, seen as well as pen and picture can show it on a few pages of a small booklet; its history has been followed from the olden days, from its childhood, when it was merely a typical Western eating house, up to our time, up to these days when, by its history and by its splendor combined, it shines forth, a land-mark of our city on the Golden Gate. How much better then will one be able to judge by visiting the place oneself, by seeing with one's own eyes what miraculous changes time has worked.

Thus ends the story, the story of the "Hoodle Dog," a tale that covers more than half a century's time, a tale that cannot fail to awaken memories of the golden past in those who lived, who planned, who worked on these distant shores in years gone by; a tale of the constant growth of San Francisco,— one that is true.

FINIS



Interiors



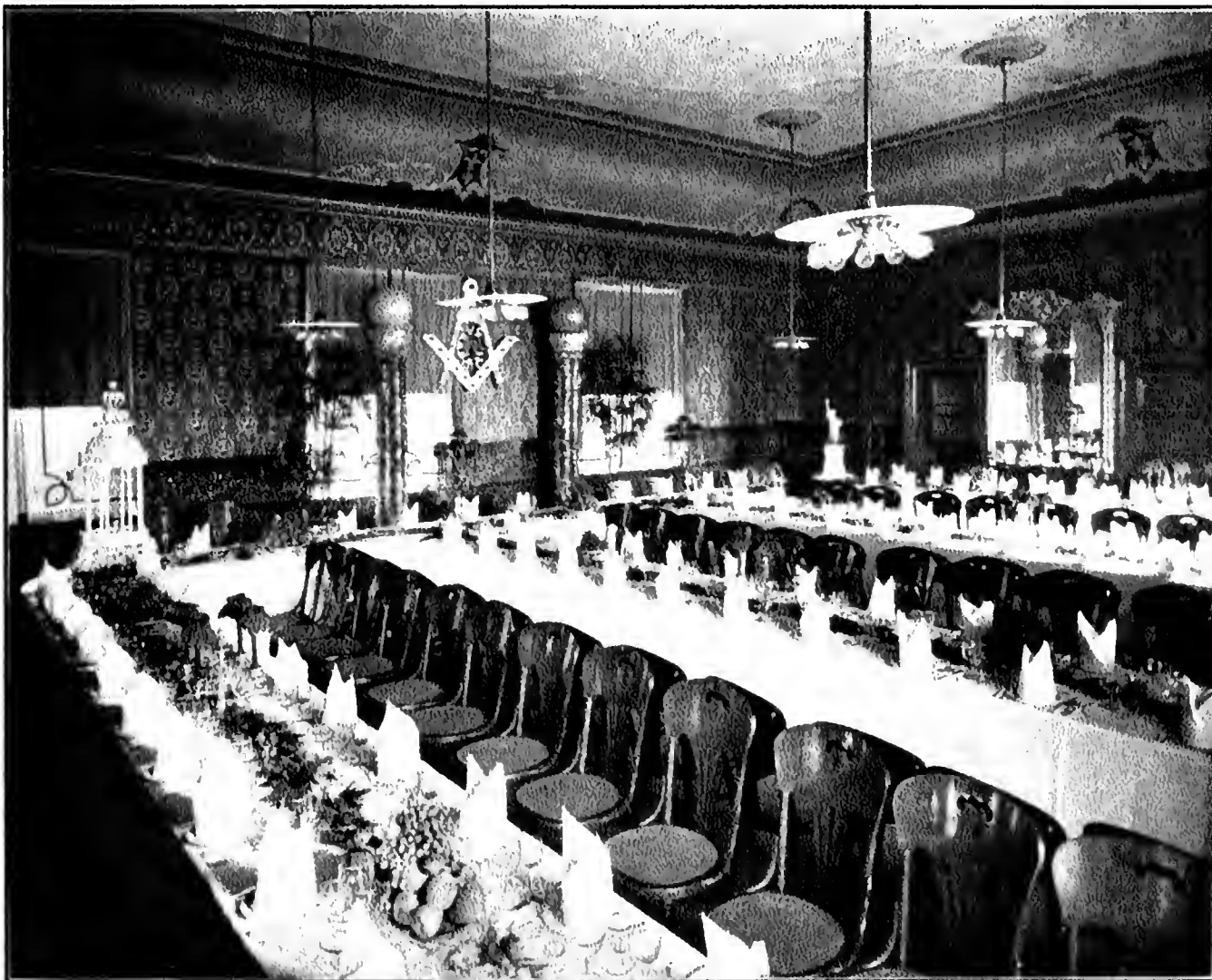
SUITE OF ROOMS



SUITE OF ROOMS



RECEPTION ROOM. TOP FLOOR



BANQUET HALL, TOP FLOOR

BANQUET GIVEN BY SPERANZA ITALIANA LODGE NO 219 F & A M SEPT 20 1902



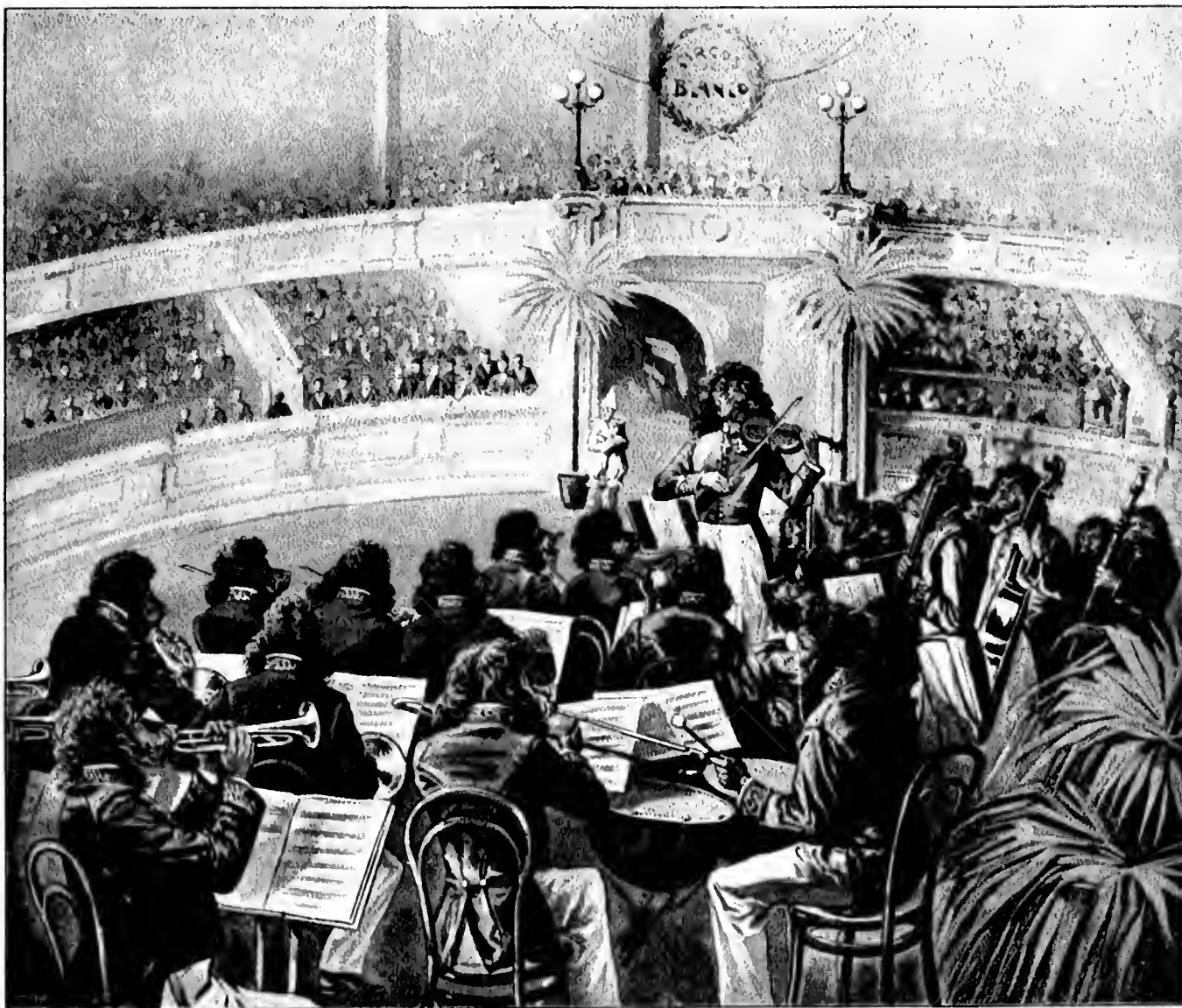
Romeo and Juliet



Listen, dearest, to the shrain
Who for thee is pining,
Harken to the songster's strain
While the moon is shining ;
Still and peaceful sleeps the place,
Sho!d me, dearest, sho!d thy face,
Night is soon declining.

Fairest of the poodles all,
Hasten, time is fleeting,
From thy castle's lofty wall
Send the rose's greeting;
In the moonlight's mellow gleam —
Blissful as a fairy's dream —
Let our souls be meeting.

Of all poodles queen thou art —
Listen to my playing,
Love's sweet wonder shall thy heart
For my sake be swaying ;
Still and peaceful lies the place,
Answer, dear, in loving grace
To my fervent praying.





A Tale of War



This picture shows clearly and painfully true
 What mischief a small little poodle could do,
 And hohu Jack, the waiter — they say that's his
 name —

To such sad misfortune and trouble once came.

'Twas lunch-time, and eh'ryone came for repast,
 And "hurry-up orders" flew thickly and fast,
 While working like lightning, Jack rushed to
 and fro

And — — stepped on the poodle's most sensible
 toe.

Up, up went the poodle—o my — what a crash—
 The soup and the gravy were spilled in a flash,
 Potatoes were flying, the teapot undone,
 And roast and dessert 'mongst the splinters was
 thrown.

The guests laughed; the waiter, holmeber, was sad,
 And, you bet, in his heart he was dreadfully mad
 At the terrible poodle that gave him such pain
 And swore he would neber step on him again.



MAY 14 1903

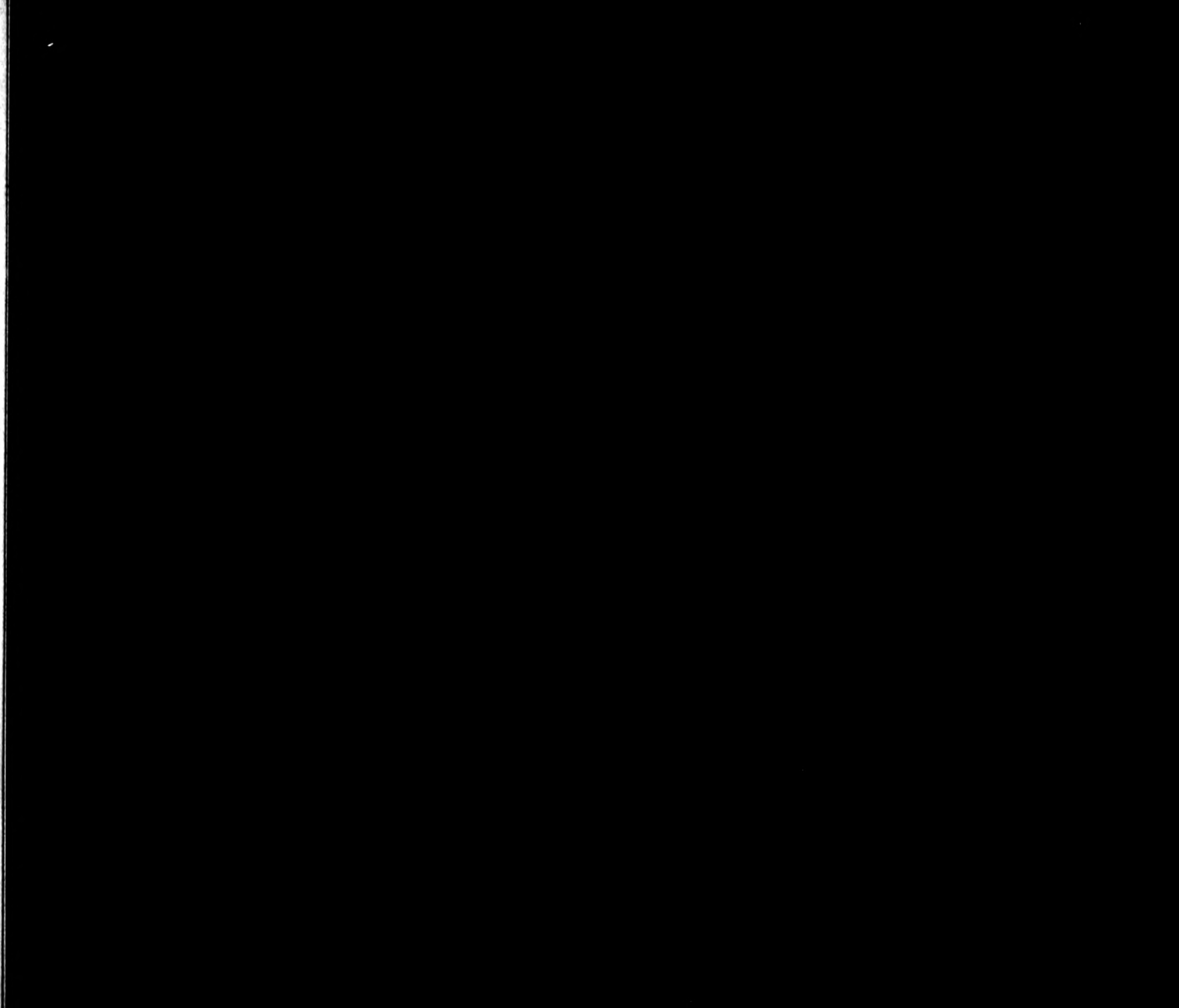
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